

Schaden & Tanquary,
—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—
Choice Family Groceries,
Flour, Hay, Grain,
Wines, Liquors,
Cigars and Tobacco
S. E. Cor. Fourth and L Streets.
COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.
Goods delivered to any part of the City,
Steamer Landing or Railroad Depot FREE OF

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,
Published six days in each week, with Double
Sheet on Saturdays, andTHE SUNDAY UNION,
Published every Sunday morning, making a
splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.For one year.....\$6 00
For six months.....3 00
For three months.....1 50
Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTY
CENTS per week. In all interior cities and towns
the paper can be had of the principal Periodical
Dealers, Newsmen and Agents.The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.THE WEEKLY UNION
Is the cheapest and most desirable Home, News
and Literary Journal published on the Pacific
Coast. The SUNDAY UNION is sent to every sub-
scriber to the WEEKLY UNION.Terms for both one year.....\$2 00
The WEEKLY UNION alone per year.....1 50
The SUNDAY UNION alone per year.....1 00All these publications are sent either by Mail
or Express to agents or single subscribers, with
charges prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.
The Best Advertising Mediums on the Pacific
Coast.Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as
second-class matter.

INEQUALITIES OF TAXATION.

The Democratic State Convention of
Illinois the other day resolved that the
laws should be so modified as to make
taxes upon land less and upon personal
property more.The aim of the Convention was wise,
but its delivery was poor. That which it
desires is not the greater taxation of per-
sonal property, but such enforcement of
the present revenue laws as will make per-
sonal property bear its due burden of taxa-
tion by as full disclosure and assessment as
obtain in the case of land.We may not in any State expect the
establishment of a system of taxation so
symmetrical as to be without fault.
Human devices never have and never will
attain perfection. The fact is notorious in
California, for instance, that a large pro-
portion of personal property secretes itself,
and the remainder is not taxed at its cash
value as defined by the Constitution and
the laws. Land, on the other hand, cannot
be hidden, and while it may be improperly
assessed, it cannot wholly escape as does
so much of personal property. Herein is
found the defect of our system, that it is
wanting in means to compel the disclosure
and the proper assessment of personalty.If we are to believe the assessment rolls,
when the Assessor appears an immense
amount of stock, money, goods, household
furniture, articles of personal adornment,
musical instruments, etc., either suddenly
disappear or marvelously depreciate in
value. Works of art lose all distinctive
values on these occasions, and Da Vincis,
Murrillos and Correggios come down to the
level of the pot boilers from the auction
rooms.We assert without fear of contradiction
that there are hundreds of thousands of
dollars worth of rare art works on pri-
vate walls in the city of San Francisco
that have never been listed for taxation
except in the job lot "pictures" of the
assessment blank, with a small lump sum
carried out in the dollars and cents col-
umn. But the most obscure poor man's
lot of alley frontage rushes into the arms
of the Assessor and ranks itself among the
possessions of high value.There is, besides, a large class of per-
sonal property that wholly escapes, that
never has representation by figures upon
the assessment roll. This nearly always
belongs to the rich and the well-to-do
classes of society, while the cheap furni-
ture and plain hard-wood chairs and pine
tables and dressing-cases of the poor man
are listed in lump sums, that in very many
cases would buy the whole lot and leave a
handsome margin. We are now, of nec-
essity, speaking in generalities, for only a
searching inquisition could disclose the
specific cases.In the State of Ohio this fact is recog-
nized by the law, which offers a high re-
ward for information that will lead to the
disclosure of personal property that may
be hidden from the Assessors, and as a
penalty puts a heavy additional tax upon
such disclosed personal property. In
Ohio, which, as the *Inter-Ocean* asserts, is
not twice as rich as Illinois, personal prop-
erty is listed to the assessed value of \$520,
171,094, while in Illinois, where there is
neither reward nor penalty, but \$221,188,
095 of personalty is discovered by the
Assessors.Such a law, though not probably the
best that can be devised, in operation in
California as in Ohio would unquestion-
ably disclose more than \$471,310 value of
jewelry and plate in San Francisco, and
more than 5,984 watches worth assessing,
in that city. Sacramento claims but about
one-ninth as great population as San Fran-
cisco, yet we find that her people, accord-
ing to assessment returns, carry about one-
fourth as many valuable watches.But in this single item the distinction
between the apparent luxurious habits of
Oakland and Alameda towns, with 60,000
population, and their people carrying 74,225
watches, as against 5,984 carried by the
330,000 inhabitants of the metropolis, is
something amazing.If we go into a further examination we
find that every piano in Sacramento is
assessed \$13 in excess of piano valuations
in Alameda; that Sacramento with one-
ninth of the population of San Francisco
is assessed for one-fifth, plus, as many fire-
arms as the metropolis, and for about
double the number owned in Alameda
county, with nearly twice as many people
within her bounds, while El Dorado, with
her few hundred people, pays as heavy a
tax, in gross, on such implements as Ala-
meda with twelve times the population.It is ludicrously absurd to suppose as
the assessment roll declares is fact, that
the harness, robes, saddles, etc., in Ala-
meda are worth but \$18,052, while like
property in Sacramento is found to be
the value of \$58,765, and that in all San
Francisco such goods are worth but \$121,
287. That there are discovered in San
Francisco only about twice the number of
vehicles that are found in Sacramento is
ridiculous, but is made apparently true by
the official records, while the value of all
the equipages in the metropolis exceeds
the value of those in Sacramento by but
about two-thirds.But these are the mere fringes of absurd-
ities that a casual glance at the records
disclose. That personal property escapes
taxation largely, and that there is there-
fore an undue burden cast upon land is
undeniable. It is asserted that the real
estate of California is paying nearly four-
fifths of all the taxes, because there is not
a fair disclosure nor a just assessment of
personal property, unless we except that
possessed by the poor, which, for obvious
reasons, is less liable to escape or to be un-
der-valued.As to what remedy should be applied to
meet such injustice, and whether assess-
ment of personal property as inquisitorial
and should cease, or whether there should
be adopted more stringent and severe
measures to enforce disclosure of personal
property and to secure assessments at its
true valuation, or whether, if assessment of
personality should be abandoned, taxation
upon estates, income taxes and high liquor
taxes should be substituted—these are ques-
tions which should receive immediate and
thoughtful attention, and some system
should be devised which would not put
the whole burden of taxation upon the
poor man and the farmer. If no other
method can be found a law should be
passed providing that in case of loss by fire
the owner should not recover for personal
property a greater amount than that for
which such property is assessed. The fact
exists that the greater portion of the bur-
den of taxation now falls upon those least
able to pay, while the rich escape their
just proportion. A remedy should be
found speedily and applied in earnest.

A CASE OF DISHONESTY.

The distinction between honesty and
dishonesty is by some so finely drawn that
the severest moralist and most astute
logician cannot discover it. The agency
of the Methodist Book Concern of North
America has gone into the business of
booming a rattle-trap compilation of African
travel and exploration, that is put
forth in a way to deceive the public—or,
at least that portion not well posted as to
the tricks of the book trade, into the be-
lief that the work substantially covers the
travels of Stanley. Now, as a matter of
fact, it is a case of cool and unblushing
robbery, which the Methodist Church must
repudiate. If it excuses it, it will apologize
for a clear steal.The simple, unapologetic and fair-
dealing man will be able to see that any
book of that character thrown upon the
market at this time is intended to net
profits arising out of the public interest
in Mr. Stanley's heroic adventures. He
has returned from a perilous journey, that
has resulted in great benefit to geographical
science, and generally to humanity. He
sits down to write up his travels and send
his MS. to print in good shape. Clearly
this is his human and exclusive right, and
it is nothing less than thievery for any
one to compile a book that will in any way
supplant Mr. Stanley's volume, when it
does appear. Under proper international
relations this could not be done—in its ab-
sence piracy of another's literary property
is legitimate; but only legitimate because
there is no law affixing a penalty for the
crime. Indeed, we incline to the belief
that there is greater dishonesty in putting
out a book at this time to sell on the
strength of Stanley's safe return, that does
not purport to be written by him, but that
does purport to tell about the equatorial
region of the Dark Continent, than in
issuing a book that purports to be the
genuine Stanley volume, but which is
counterfeit. The one act is rank deception,
and the other is half disguised cheat, and
a sort of pious fraud that is as mean as it
is dishonorable.But in the case of the Methodist Book
Concern the book is called, or is advertised
as "The New Stanley Book." What is
this but cheat? That is not all, the com-
pilation does not give credit to the sources
from which it is stolen, it is therefore
a mean theft. Worse yet, it is so grossly
indecent in its nude illustration that a re-
putable journal declares that no decent
man will put it into the hands of his
children. Yet a religious organization
fathers it? Not long ago the New York
Times charged the Methodist Book Con-
cern with all these things, and especially
with the immorality of the book. There-
upon the *Christian Advocate* took up the
defense of its colleague, the Book Con-
cern. But it had not one word to say
about the nude pictures, nor any reply to
make to the charge that in an earlier edi-
tion there were sixteen wood cuts so grossly
vulgar, that from the religious edition
they have been omitted.Concerning the charge of piracy the
Christian Advocate says in reply to the
Times:Like all compilations, the author got his facts
somewhere, though quoting from many sources,
condensing and paraphrasing, but did not in-
fringe copyright. Whether a good, bad, or in-
different book, we do not say; that is a matter
of literary criticism; but it is not plain theft.
Two-thirds of it were written before Stanley
emerged, and what he said about his last tour
is not lifted from copyright matter, American
or foreign.So, so; then had there been copyright
protecting the originals the Book Concern
would have been estopped. But because
there is no copyright is it any less steal-
ing to take that which you do not own, or
create, and palm it off for a profit? Is it
not clear to every one that had not Stan-
ley been engaged on a book of travels for
his own profit, or had he not by his travels
and courage and inflexible will accom-
plished so much, the Methodist Book
Concern would not have issued a book on
African travel illustrated by pictures of
naked men and women, or otherwise?It is not clear to every man and woman
who believes in fair play and open-faced
honesty that it is Mr. Stanley's human
right to have the profit of his book with-
out any shearing by substitutes that are de-
ceitful in that they lead many to take the
false for the true? Is it any more honest to
compile, print and sell a book on the
strength of Stanley's capital, than it
would be if one had invented a mechanical
device of great value, for another, by
trickery, should "get in" ahead of him
and out him from the privilege of profit-
ing by his genius? We shall expect the
Methodist Church to rise up and repudiate
the moral code of its Book Concern—it
cannot afford to condone its offense, and at
the same time preach that honesty is a
basic law of true life.As we anticipated in the remarks made
upon the subject the other day, the Ator-ney-General has replied to the inquiry of
the Executive, that slogging matches can
be suppressed under the State law, and
that no municipality has a right to license
that which the statute condemns and for-
bids. He agrees with the Governor, also,
that this ring-fighting craze is disgraceful
and demoralizing, and that it is clearly in
violation of the law for any one to fight
rights, or for any one to witness or aid
such contentions. He promises to instruct
the District Attorneys of the counties to
enforce the laws against prize-fighting.
It is shameful that it should ever be nec-
essary for the chief law officer of the State
to remind county officers of their duty in a
matter of such plain sailing as this, of
suppressing the crime of prize-fighting.The dispatches announce the appoint-
ment of H. M. Stanley as Governor-Gen-
eral of the Congo State. If the report is
confirmed and Stanley accepts, it will mean
the extinction of the slavery trade very
speedily, and the up-building of the Congo
section with great rapidity. Stanley, of
all men, is best fitted for the office, since
none better or so well understand the char-
acter of the people to be governed.

ROUND ABOUT FOLSOM.

Matters and Things at the Future Lowell
of California.
(From To-day's Telegraph.)Fifty dollars was collected to be used as
a fund to purchase fireworks for the com-
ing Fourth.Mrs. Cook and Mrs. C. Hart are up from
Sacramento visiting J. T. Silberhorn and
family and children.Several pieces of machinery for the new
power house arrived here this week. They
are very heavy and massive.H. A. Bergman and family left Hang-
town this week for Washington, and if
things suit them there will locate in that
State.Several wagon loads of lumber have
been taken over to Orange Vale this week
to be used in the construction of new
buildings there.H. McCutcheon and family left for San
Francisco, where Mrs. McCutcheon will
remain for a couple of weeks to try the
effect of the climate on her health, which
has been quite poor.On Sunday a game of baseball will be
played on the new grounds between the
Brighton Baseball Club and the Folsom
Club. A purse of \$20 will be awarded to
the winning club.Last week a fire started on the old Show-
ers ranch, near White Rock, which burned
over the entire place. The buildings were
entirely destroyed.An accident occurred to Jacob Zentgraf,
in his mine, near Newcastle. He was at
work on his mill and in some manner
caught his left hand between the tapet
and arm of one of the stamps. His hand
was badly mashed up and Dr. Hooney of
Auburn was sent for to attend him.At the last meeting of Granite Parlor, N.
S. G. W., the following officers were elected
for the ensuing term: Henry McDerby,
President; George Wilson, First Vice-Pres-
ident; O. C. Lewis, Second Vice-President;
E. Riley, Third Vice-President; John
Hoey, Marshal; Thad. J. McFarland, Re-
cording Secretary; James B. Harris, Treas-
urer; Trustees—G. L. Skinner, Wm. Car-
penter and Emmet McNamee.On Friday last the public school at this
place closed for the term. A great many
persons were in attendance and listened to
the exercises with attention. County Su-
perintendent Howard was present and de-
livered a splendid address. Afterward all
repaired to the front of the school-house,
where the American flag was raised, the
"Star-spangled Banner" being sung by
Miss Stella Eagle. Three cheers for the
flag were given by all present and the as-
sembly adjourned.A meeting was held in Masonic Hall on
Tuesday evening for the organization of a

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.-EIGHT PAGES.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Decker Bros.—The artists' piano. Write
to KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco. je16-3mFor a fine glass of fresh buttermilk;
fresh eggs and butter, sausages, cheese and all
kinds of canned goods, go to F. BAUMLE, 723
J street. Lunch for travelers. Our goods are
of superior quality. je19-1fJohn Eitel's Assay office removed to
1700 J st., S. E. cor. Seventeenth and J. je17-4fThe best place in California to have your
printing done: A. J. Johnston & Co., 410 J
street, Sacramento, Cal. je17-3m

HOW THEY STAND.

Sacramento a Good Third.

San Francisco.....595
Oakland.....541
Sacramento.....511
Stockton.....355

EXPERIENCE OF A PLAYER.

I have hit a three-bagger, but already feel
fatigued, which is caused from a slight at-
tack of malaria.Reached third base, but am completely
worn out.

The home plate is gained and a run made, but—

Well! well! well! How tawny

Top-Notch Tonic
Has benefited me! Its effects are wonder-
ful! Try it and be convinced! Sold by
all leading druggists and bars.

SAMUEL JELLY JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

LIQUIDATION SALE.

Samuel Jelly Jewelry Establishment
(Founded 1850). Entire stock offered
to the public at cost until the Even-
ing of July 3d, to liquidate the in-
terest of DR. ARTHUR C. JELLY, who
retires from the business.Being duly authorized, I will sell
AT COST for seventeen days, from the
entire stock of the SAMUEL JELLY
JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT, Sacra-
mento, commencing Saturday, June 14th,
and continuing (open evenings) UNTIL
JULY 3d.The stock has been lately added to and
made complete in every department, but
intending purchasers may rely on PRICES
being in every instance WHAT DEAL-
ERS PAY AT WHOLESALE. In fact
the PRICES ARE RELIED ON for a
Successful and IMMEDIATE SALE.A splendid lot of American WATCHES
(HOWARD, WALTHAM and ELGIN)
in Gold, Gold-Filled and Silver Cases, are
a special feature; while a few fine DIA-
MONDS, a large assortment of GOLD
JEWELRY, also ROLLED GOLD, Reed
& Barton PLATEDWARE, and articles of
TABLEWARE in general use, CLOCKS,
etc., comprise a stock worthy the reputa-
tion this house has borne for forty years.
Each and every article GUARANTEED
as represented at sale, and the public af-
forded every opportunity for inspection. A
bona fide sale AT COST for a legitimate
business purpose. By order of the Receiver.

HUGH MAULDIN, Manager.

County of Sacramento, ss.
State of California, ss.WILLIAM GODT, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: I have
been in the employ of the late SAMUEL JELLY, also MRS. LIZZIE A.
LYTLE and ARTHUR C. JELLY (heirs of SAMUEL JELLY), since
the year 1875, and am familiar with the jewelry business, and hold,
and have held for years, a position of trust and confidence with the said firm.
I have read the advertisement of "Liquidation Sale," and know the con-
tents thereof, and have, by direction of the Receiver, and with the assist-
ance of SAMUEL KATZENSTEIN, fixed the prices upon the goods of-
fered for sale as above; and I know of my own knowledge that the price
so fixed, and which each purchaser at the above sale will pay therefor, is
in each instance the wholesale price of the article. WILLIAM GODT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1890.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Justice of the Peace.

lodge of Knights of Pythias. The follow-
ing officers were elected: Chancellor Com-
mander, P. A. Humbert; Vice-Chancellor,
George Watson; Keeper of Records and
Seal, R. H. Clark; Master of Finance, H.
Clemenson; Master of Exchequer, T. J.
Rigney; Prelate, F. Taylor; Past Chan-
cellor, M. Paul; Master of Arms, W. L. Lewis;
Inside Guard, T. Kennedy; Outside Guard,
Charles Rose; Medical Examiner, C. M.
Slayback. The names chosen for the lodge
were "Folsom." Some day next week the
Grand Officers will come up here and in-
stitute the lodge.

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NEW TO-DAY.

Adver. notices of Meetings, Wants, Lost,
Found, &c. Sold, To Let and other notices under
this head are inserted for 5 cents per line the first
time and 1 cent per line each subsequent time. All
notices of this character will be found under this
heading.St. Paul's Sunday School—All the Old
scholars who have ever attended St. Paul's
Sunday-school are requested to be present next
Sunday, at 9:30 o'clock, to make arrangements
for a large picnic.Nationalist Club, No. 2, will meet on
SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock, at Council
of Fostered Trades, Hall, 1012 Eighth st., 1st
floor.WANTED—A LIVE MAN, A MECHANIC
on his trade, who can lend his employer
\$1000.00, will pay a salary of \$100 per month,
and give a bonus of \$1000 worth of stock in a
good company. Address: T. D. Montgomery, 120 Mont-
gomery street, Room 4, San Francisco. je12-6fTO LET—THREE OR FOUR FURNISHED
or unfurnished rooms, suitable for light
housekeeping. Inquire at 507 1/2 street. je12-1fTO LET—COTTAGE OF FOUR ROOMS, fur-
nished for housekeeping; 1723 Twelfth st.
Inquire at house or at K Street. je12-1fFOR SALE—A THOUGHTFUL JERSEY
bull, three years old, his dam is a great
milk and butter cow; made, on a week's test,
15 pounds of butter per day; the dam of his
sire was a good milk cow; he has been shown
is very handsome; price, \$75. Address EDWIN
A. LIP, Sacramento. je12-12fWANTED—BY A LADY AND GENTLEMAN
board and room in good locality. Address,
stating terms, A. B. this office. je12-21fWANTED—GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK
Apply 1014 L street. je12-31fWANTED—BY A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN,
a place in a small family to do house-
work or to care for an invalid, or housekeeper
for a widower. Address, Mrs. C. M. Giles, this
office. je12-31fWANTED—BRIGHT, ENERGETIC WOMAN
for an outdoor position. Reference re-
quired. Apply to the Singer Manufacturing
Company, 305 J street. je12-31fWANTED—A MAN TO LEARN OUR BUSI-
ness, and fill a position with us. Paid
while learning. Reference required. The
Singer Manufacturing Company, 305 J street.
je12-31fWANTED—A GOOD MAN, WHO UNDER-
stands driving mill. Apply to Capital
Packing Company. je12-31fWANTED—50 GIRLS TO MAKE GLOVES
at Dodge's Sacramento Glove Factory,
101 Ninth street. je12-1fLOST—TWO SOLITAIRE DIAMOND SHIRT
Studs; when missed were wrapped in a
small piece of Manila paper. Finder will be
handsomely rewarded by returning to Moun-
tain's, 418 J street. je12-1fWANTED—TWO LADY COOKS, 3 WAIT-
resses, 1 first class waiter and 1 log setter.
SACRAMENTO EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, 310
J street, E. L. Fuak, manager. je12-1fTO RENT—A QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE, NEAT-
ly furnished, six rooms, modern improve-
ments. Inquire at Mrs. A. J. WELLS, 209 O
street. je12-7fFOR SALE—\$2,500—A NICE CORNER
house and lot, with saloon, best location, or
to lease for five years; good reason for selling.
Address Z, this office. je12-7f\$2500—THE FORESTER GUN CLUB
will pay the above reward for informa-
tion that will lead to the arrest and conviction
of any person violating the game laws, in kill-
ing doves, ducks or quail, or any game, out of
season. The informant is also entitled to one-
third of all fines collected.M. C. CHAPMAN, President.
E. C. Coffey, Secretary. je12-6fWANTED—A YOUNG MAN QUICK AT
figures for office work. Apply to CHARLES
E. PHIPPS at Weinstein, Lubin & Co.'s. je12-1fWANTED—MALE AND FEMALE HELP
of all kinds for city and country. Apply
at Employment Office, Fourth st., E. and L.
je12-1fPARTIES WANTING MONEY ON THEIR
city and country property address P. O.
BOX 86, Sacramento. Plenty of money. je12-1fWANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS,
etc., and also for domestic service. Women
and girls for cooking and general housework.
Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth st., E. and L.
je12-7fINFORMATION WANTED OF THE WHERE-
abouts of GEORGE REESEY, who left Steu-
benville, Ohio, for California in 1883. Lived in
Sacramento in early times, and moved to Cal-
averas county. Was in San Andreas when last
heard from, in 1889, and reported to be there in
1897. Was known by 231 Treadway, Samuel
Henry and John Parrish, former Sacramentoans.
His son, W. K. Reese, now a prosperous merchant
of Fort Davis, Texas, is anxious to get informa-
tion of his father, and, if necessary, will come
to California to meet him. Three brothers and
three sisters of the missing man are still living
in Steubenville, Ohio. His son will pay \$50 re-
ward to anyone giving positive information con-
cerning him. Address W. K. REESEY, Fort Davis,
Texas, or this office. my22-2m\$75 to \$250 A MONTH CAN BE MADE
working for us. Persons pre-
ferred who can furnish a horse and give their
whole time to the business. Spare moments
may be profitably employed also. A few va-
cancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON &
CO., 1069 Main st., Richmond, Va. je12-31fFOR SALE—TO LET—ETC.
NOTICE—A FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKER
recently from the Bay city accommodates a
few more customers, by day or week. Perfect
satisfaction guaranteed. Southwest corner
Seventeenth and O streets. je12-31f

A BUTTERFLY.

When Mrs. Walsingham lost the diamond butterfly which her husband had given her on the first anniversary of their wedding-day, she was naturally much perturbed by her loss.

For two seasons Mrs. Walsingham's butterfly had been an absorbing topic of conversation, whenever pretty Mrs. Walsingham herself happened to be present, and on more than one occasion it had attracted the admiring attention of royalty.

And now the butterfly was lost. The world—or rather such portion of it as was crowded into the Court Theater on that disastrous night—had seen the jeweled insect flashing and scintillating in Mrs. Walsingham's pretty brown hair all the time of the performance. But when husband and wife stood in the light of their own hall lamp, the former had uttered an exclamation of dismay.

The butterfly was gone!

Everything had been done that was usual in such cases. The Colonel had looked carefully in the carriage, and had made a thorough examination of each separate fold in his wife's dress. Next morning he had gone off to the theater, and had himself searched the box in which they had been sitting. Then, with commendable prudence, he had cautioned his wife against speaking about her loss, even to the servants, and in the advertisement in which he offered a considerable reward for the recovery of the missing trinket he had described it as "a jeweled insect (paste), valuable to the owner because specially designed for the Polish wife of Prince Boris Ivanovich, when she secretly sold the Ivanovich diamonds to supply her compatriots with funds for a revolutionary uprising."

The Colonel was much pleased with the wording of this advertisement, and read it aloud with a great deal of complacency to his wife.

Mrs. Walsingham was not quite so pleased as her husband. She objected to the slight put upon her cherished possession by describing it as paste, and the aristocratic flavor of its mythical history did not console her.

"Even if I do get it back," she murmured plaintively, "I shan't care to wear it, if everybody imagines it is paste."

When, however, the Colonel pointed out that he had referred the public in the first instance to a neighboring stationer's, and that there was nothing whatever in the advertisement to suggest to a captious world that Mr. Walsingham's famous butterfly was in question, she was greatly impressed with her husband's cleverness.

That evening the Walsinghams did not dine out, but had a cosy tea-a-tete dinner at home, so as to be on the spot if any one came with news of the stolen jewel.

"Not that I am at all sanguine," said the Colonel, as he thoughtfully peeled a banana. "If the thief had happened to be a stray pickpocket, we might hope to see the 'fly' again. It's more likely, though, that the vagabond who has the thing now had his eye on it for some time past."

But even as he spoke the solemn butler came softly in.

"A person to see you, sir," he announced, deferentially; "he won't give his name, but he says Foster, the stationer, has sent him, and that you will know all about it."

Mrs. Walsingham gave a little start of delight, and the Colonel could scarcely conceal his excitement. "Show him in here, Bailey," he said quickly, "it is some one we are expecting."

The butler withdrew, and in a few seconds ushered in a slight, gentlemanly-looking man, with sharp gray eyes and smooth face.

"Colonel Walsingham, I believe?" began the stranger, taking with easy self-possession the chair which the Colonel indicated at the end of the table.

The Colonel assented. "You have come, I presume?"

"To give information about some lost property of yours. Precisely?"

"Have you found it?" queried Mrs. Walsingham eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I wish to ascertain," said the stranger suavely. "My name is Sawyer, Fred Sawyer, late of Scotland Yard. I continued, turning to the Colonel. "I am a detective, and a few hours back I came across a piece of jewelry answering to your description."

"You don't mean to say so?" cried the Colonel excitedly. "Where did you find it?"

"Well, it's a long story," said Mr. Sawyer, deliberately, "and brings in matters which are, so to speak, professional secrets at present. But there—the whole account will be in the papers to-morrow, so there's no harm in my telling you."

Both the Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham waited anxiously for him to go on, and, after a few seconds' pause, he was graciously pleased to do so, pointing to the newspaper which he had brought with him.

"Of course, madam, you have heard of the great Fenton Court robbery?"

Mrs. Walsingham made a motion of assent.

"Er—well—the fact is, to-day I had the good fortune to recover nearly all that stolen jewelry. I have just telegraphed to Mr. Fenton to come up and identify the things to-morrow."

"You have got back the diamonds?"

"Everything, madam, as far as we can tell."

"Tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Walsingham, in her imperious manner, while her husband's face seconded her request.

"Oh, well, there is not much to tell, madam. From information received, we made this morning a raid on the house of a party called Sleepy Jim—sleepy because he just isn't sleepy, don't you see, madam? Well, Jim was very easy and careless, and we searched and searched, and not a thing could we find, and at last we gave it up. I was the last to go, and as I went, I heard—for my ears were quick—I heard Jim give the least bit of a sigh.

"Come back, men," I shouted; "the things are here, and we won't be such numskulls as to go away without them. Let's have one more look around!" Then it occurred to me that Sleepy Jim had not been sitting on the table for nothing all the time we were turning the place upside down. So I just pushed him and it on one side, kicked over the square of carpet on which the table had been standing, and lo and behold, there were plain signs that the boards had been raised pretty recently.

"We had those boards up again in a fifty, and there in a deep hole underneath was all the Fenton Court jewelry."

The detective passed impressively and looked at his two eager listeners, as though challenging their admiration.

"Well, and my wife's butterfly?" asked the Colonel, inquiringly.

"I am coming to that, sir. Among the things there were several pins and brooches not included in the list supplied to us at Scotland Yard. I had seen your advertisement, and I thought one of the miscellaneous articles looked very much like your insect. So I just asked Sleepy Jim about it, and he told me that it had been brought to him by a man who had picked it up on Sloane street, and had been afraid to pawn it. Jim gave him thirty shillings for it; for he saw the diamonds were uncommon good paste."

"But they are nothing of the sort," put in Mrs. Walsingham, indignantly, "that was only my husband's idea to call them paste."

"Ah! that was smart, sir, very smart. You ought to be one of us."

The Colonel looked gratified. "Won't you take a glass of wine, Mr. Sawyer?" he said, pushing the decanter over to him.

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do," replied Mr. Sawyer, helping himself to a

he required little pressing to be induced to repeat the action several times in the course of the next hour.

As a consequence, he soon grew exceedingly communicative, and entertained the Colonel with the most thrilling Scotland Yard narratives, all illustrative of the cleverness of rogues and the superior astuteness of detectives.

"It's not that the criminal classes are so especially clever," he remarked, judiciously, as he wound up one of his tales; "but the public is so uncommonly soft!"

The Colonel acquiesced. There were a great many fools in the world, he opined; but for his part he had no pity for them. He himself had never been taken in in his life.

"I can quite believe that," said Mr. Sawyer, politely; "and if I may make so free, I repeat again you ought to be one of us."

The Colonel did not at all resent Mr. Sawyer's freedom. He was practically pleased with him, and his stories, and the fullness of his heart he told him he was going down to his club for half an hour, and would be charmed to give him a lift.

Mr. Sawyer was quite sensible of the Colonel's condescension, and accepted the offer with effusion. Having arranged with Mrs. Walsingham that she was to come down to Scotland Yard the following morning, he went off with the Colonel into the adjoining room, waiting there while this gentleman got ready to go out. This room was a sort of sanctum of Colonel Walsingham, and while he drew on his gloves he passed in review his collection of firearms and other objects of warlike passion.

The detective seemed a bit of a connoisseur, and his enthusiasm was sufficiently dashed with discriminating knowledge to be particularly pleasing to the Colonel, who actually declined to bring out from a cavernous cupboard his latest acquisition, to wit, a handsome fur-lined coat he had recently imported from Russia.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Think?" said the detective, "why, that it's not a thing to be left in the hands of a scoundrel. Rather not!"

"We keep it in the cupboard in this room. Why, that coat cost me eighty guineas."

"It looks if it had," said the detective, warmly, and the Colonel being now ready the two gentlemen got into their hansom and drove off.

It was scarcely half an hour afterward that there was a hasty pull at the doorbell. Mrs. Walsingham was tired and had gone to bed, and the housemaid had followed her example. The butler alone was still up, busy with the silver in his pantry.

"Why, master's forgotten his latch-key!" he cried, hurrying to the door; "it's lucky for me he's come back so early."

But it was not Colonel Walsingham who stood in the doorway—it was Mr. Sawyer.

"Sorry to trouble you, my man," he said, speaking very fast, and slipping a shining into Bailey's hand, "but I left some important papers behind me, which I was showing to Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham. Will you give them to me?"

"Papers, sir? I haven't seen any."

"But they must be here," cried Mr. Sawyer, looking very worried. "The fact is—I dare say Mrs. Walsingham told you—these papers have to do with the Fenton Court robbery. We nabbed the man and the swag this afternoon, and the owner's coming up to-morrow. So you see the papers are really important."

"Of course, they must be," said the butler, unbending from his solemn dignity on the instant. "Well, I'll just light a taper and see if they are anywhere in the dining-room. I may have overlooked them, but I don't think I have."

The detective followed him into the dining-room and helped in the search, but no papers were to be found, and he grew more and more anxious.

"I tell you what it is," he began, in a vexed tone, "Mrs. Walsingham must have noticed them directly we had gone, and knowing their importance, must have locked them up somewhere. Now, if you can get them for me to-night I'll not forget you."

Bailey's kindness, or his affection for the prospective coin, made him consent, after a little demur, to do what he could. "I'll go upstairs and call up one of the women servants," he said, "and then send her to ask Mrs. Walsingham. I'll shout up the under housemaid," he added; "she'll come like winking when she hears my voice."

It took longer to get the housemaid to come down, however, than the butler had anticipated, but at last she had gone off with her embassy, and had brought her mistress' answer to Bailey, patiently waiting on the upper landing.

"I am sorry, sir," he began, as he descended the last flight of stairs, "but Mrs. Walsingham won't see your papers."

Then he stopped short. The rosy tints fled from his well-nourished face, and a bilious hue took possession of that broad expanse.

The street door was open and Mr. Sawyer had disappeared.

"A dog," murmured Bailey, faintly; "a real old dog."

He thought of his plate, and almost breathed again as he remembered that he had deposited it in the plate-chest and turned up before he had let the insidious stranger in.

"Depend upon it, he's only gone off with master's umbrella," he said, trying to reassure himself.

The next morning he struck his hands lightly together, and rushed into the Colonel's study. When he came back he was perfectly green. The Colonel's fur coat, for which he had paid eighty guineas only a few weeks back, was nowhere to be found.

The officials of Scotland Yard next morning listened with polite attention to Colonel Walsingham's account of what had happened.

"A clean-shaven man with gray eyes, you say?"

"Yes," was the answer. "He gave the name of Sawyer—Fred Sawyer."

"Fred Sawyer! The man was James Croft, alias Sleepy Jim, the cleverest rogue in the United Kingdom, and as slippery as an eel. I am afraid you will never see your coat again, sir."

And he was right, the Colonel never did. But one result of his little experience was that he completely changed his views of criminals.

"It is not that the public is so stupid," he was often heard to say, "it is those scoundrels who are so horribly clever."

—The Argosy.

Deal Gently With the Stomach.

It proves refractory, mind discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few winglessfuls—say three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, salivatoriness of the complexion, fur upon the tongue, vertigo and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill-advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alternative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.

William E. Gladstone is a confirmed "book-staller." To avoid being recognized and stared at he wears an old hat and the seediest of coats.

BRADYROTINE cured headaches for J. W. Stubbs, Rutland, Cal.

HE WAS ON.

Mr. Cullins was not going to be outdone by Sharper.

"As I was saying, the closest I ever came to being bunched by sharpeners was the last time I was down to the capitol. The first thing I heard when I got off the train was 'Well, I'll be blamed if there ain't Senator Reuben Cullins!' I knew, then, there were two of the slickest-looking chaps you ever see, a pullin' and a haulin' me around like a shock of stalks in a cyclone. I knowed I was looking puny smart, but I was ready for them durn fools and I thought I would play them a bit. So I says: 'Why, really, gents, I don't expect to meet any of my people down here; this is a joyful surprise.'"

"You just ought to see them fellers drop my hand. You'd thought I had the small-pox. My little joke seemed to stun 'em, but they got over it pretty quick, and one of 'em says: 'We beg your pardon.'"

"Oh, says I, 'don't mention it; but gents I'm too keen; I'm on to your little game; bunco, see?'"

"Well, sir, you never see two fellers more completely squelched than them. But, by jingo, they were game, and don't you forget it. One of them speaks and says: 'Say, Willie, you'll have to admit that our friend's too fly for us.'"

"Well, I'll admit," says Willie.

"Now, gents," says I, "I'll tell you what I propose: Let's all adjourn to the nearest saloon, and let something up me."

"Oh, no," speaks up the little fellow (Willie was the biggest of the two), "we couldn't think of insinuating ourselves into your hospitality."

"Certainly we can't," says Willie; "but if our friend will join in at the club we will do the elegant, won't we?"

"Well, gents," says I, "let's understand each other. Now, I've tumbled to your little game, and you don't want to try it on no more with me, 'cause, as I told you, I'm too keen."

"Why, cert," says they, both speaking at once, "we'll let that little matter drop; you are a cute one, sure."

"So I am," says I, "and you'd better believe it."

"Why, cert," says they, both speaking at once, "we'll let that little matter drop; you are a cute one, sure."

"So I am," says I, "and you'd better believe it."

"Everything being settled in a satisfactory way, and they understanding that they had no hecker to fool with, I consented to go around to the club with them. And a mighty fine place it were, too, with its electric light, its fine glasses, all over the walls, and as fine looking lot of nigger waiters as I ever see.

"Nuthin' must do but wine. Willie insisted on drinking wine and wine we drank. But I was keepin' my head, and the electric light was a share, or expectin' all the time that them fellers would propose a little game or somethin' of that sort. But they see I were on and they weren't tryin' no funny business with me. Them fellers is mighty good at readin' human nature, but I was tickled me, and so I ordered a bottle just for sociability's sake."

"We got pretty confidential over a bottle, and there were a good deal of talk back and forth as to which of us were the sharper. The dispute got so hot, and the little fellow allowed he'd bet an even five hundred that Mr. Cullins—I never could fathom how he got hold of my name—could work a hayseed sicker than Willie. Willie got pretty mad and said he'd take that bet."

"Well," says the little fellow, "money talks."

"I know it, but there ain't no way of provin' it," says Willie.

The little fellow says that's a fact.

"I speak up," says Willie, "gents, says I, 'I enter into the spirit of this little game, and with your assistance, I'll just try my hand at a little steerin', and I ain't counted no slouch when it comes to shrewdness neither. I'll just settle this little wager.'"

"With that they both says done, and calls a man by the name of Tom over to our table, and hands him two beautiful five hundred bills, and I began to see there wasn't no bluff in it, and so after some further dilly dally we started out for our man."

"We hadn't gone mor'n a block, I reckon, when I see what I thought, a very likely chap, and I says to my friend: 'Gents, there's a fellow here, who when he had stuck fast two days, calling and crying out in vain for help (because nobody in the meanwhile came nigh that solitary place)—at length, when he was out of hope of life—he was strangely delivered by means of a bear, who I been coming thar about the same business that he did, and smelling the 'honey' (stirred with his striving), clambered up to the top of the tree and then began to bark. The bear, hearing this, suddenly frightened (what with the handling and noise), made up again with all speed possible; the man held and the bear pulled, until with main force he had drawn down out of the tree. And then, being let go, he took his heels, much as he'd hurt, leaving the swain in a joyful lull."

How to Dress a Baby.

A baby should be warmly dressed but not incumbered with clothing. When it prespires freely it is too warm and is likely to take cold if it is exposed to a draught. On the other hand a great deal of vitality is wasted in the efforts of nature to keep the body warm if it is not protected with sufficient clothing.

A young baby should have a flannel band long enough to go twice around it. Be very careful not to put it on too tight, and fastened it with small safety pins. On this put a long-sleeved cashmere shirt, buttoned all the way down the front. No one who has used an open shirt will ever return to the old-fashioned kind that had to be put on over the head. Next comes a long flannel petticoat, or pinning blanket, sewed to a cotton waist, and over that a loose white slip. Two napkins, one of cotton and the other of swan's-down or flannel, should be used. Twilled cotton is the softest, most absorbent material for napkins. Some mothers prefer linen diaper, but it does not retain the moisture as well as the cotton.

A knitted blanket, or an embroidered cashmere one, can be wrapped around the baby unless the weather is very warm. It is always safe to use one when it is carried from one room to another, to protect the head from draughts. Little knitted socks keep the feet warm and add much to its comfort.

Do not be afraid of fresh air. Open the window and provide artificial heat sufficient to keep the room at a temperature of 68°. Do not let the air blow directly upon the child. A screen placed in front of a window, or a strip of flannel pinned in front of the opening, will prevent this.

Take the baby into the open air every pleasant day, putting on sufficient clothing to keep it warm. Do not trust it in a baby carriage with a young girl whose carelessness might injure it for life.

Always dress and undress a young baby by an open fire. If it cries during the day unpinning its foot blanket and warming its feet will sometimes quiet it.—Ladies Home Journal.

Husband (weak and wavering): "What shall we do, dear, when the wolf comes at the door?"

Wife (strong and confident): "Thank heaven that we've got a door!"

—Washington Star.

Stuck headache is the bane of many lives. To cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their action.

for it. But I put on a mighty bold front and says:

"I guess I've made a mistake; you don't seem to be the man I'm looking for."

"You can just bet your boots," says the officer, "you've made a mistake. But it's all right. You're the man I'm looking for," and with that two more officers appeared on the scene, and quicker than Jack Robinson had Willie and the little fellow in tow.

"I see we were in a pretty bad mess, and I begun to feel pretty blue, but the little fellow were game, and no mistake."

"He says to the officers, 'Say, my friend, can't this little matter be fixed up? Mr. Cullins here was only trying to settle a little bet. We don't want to get ourselves into no trouble. We're perfectly willing to pay for our folly. But the officer could be moved."

"No," says he, "this is a State's prison job. I know you all, and I won't have no monkeyin'." Willie were a looking pretty bad, but the little fellow were true blue, and he says: "See here, officers, if you will come around the corner a minnit, I think we can fix up this little affair. I know where we can put our hands on a cool thousand, and it's yours if you'll let Mr. Cullins and me."

"I thought Willie would faint, but it seemed to have the proper effect, and the officers consented to go around to the club; and round we went."

"I was thinking pretty hard all the time, and concluded that my foolishness had gotten us all into this fix. So when we got to the club I speaks up and says: 'Gents, I won't stand this. I'm no god darn skunkin', and I'm willing to bear my share of the expenses, and if you put up your good money I put mine, but they wouldn't have it.'"

"I was beginning to feel pretty mean, when the officer said the only way it could be fixed up were for each of us to hand over five hundred."

"I felt better, and as I happened to have that sum on my person, I planked it down. Willie and the little fellow does likewise, and we were free."

"It were a mighty close call, but I had the satisfaction of seeing like a man, and I wasn't going to be outdone by those darn city sharpeners, thought it did come pretty high."

AN OLD BEAR STORY.

Told Three Hundred Years Before "Billy Hamilton's Time."

The Forest and Stream has been tracing back the old story of the American pioneer who fell into a hollow tree and escaped by hanging on to the tail of a bear which had descended the hollow, bear backward. The Forest and Stream finds that the story is more than a hundred years old as told in this country, and it adds:

"When and where the tale was first told cannot be surmised; but there is an ancient version of the story, which dates back to a period when it is certain that while there were hollow tree stumps by the score and bears galore, there was not in all the unbroken forest of this North American continent a single white man to fall into the one or to be pulled out by the other. While Cortez was conquering Mexico, there dwelt at Lake Como in Italy a certain Bishop Paulus Jovius, who, from all accounts, were he living in these days, would be an excellent type of the 'true sportsman.' He was a great hunter, a great lover of nature, and one who believed in getting his share of all the good things there were in life for a man in the years from 1473 to 1550. His chief literary labors were the writing of eulogistic biographies of the great men of his time, who sent their portraits to adorn his elegant home. But he did not disdain to lighten his books with an occasional anecdote; and his writings prove him to have been a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge of bear stories. And he told of Paulus Jovius three hundred years and more ago, we find a tale given him by one Demetrius, an Ambassador to Rome, which is decidedly the best, because briefest, wittiest and quaintest of all the stories of the man in the hollow tree. It was translated into our original Latin by a writer of the last century thus:

"A neighbor of mine, searching in the woods for honey, slipped down into a great hollow tree and there sunk into a lake of honey to his breast, while when he had stuck fast two days, calling and crying out in vain for help (because nobody in the meanwhile came nigh that solitary place)—at length, when he was out of hope of life—he was strangely delivered by means of a bear, who I been coming thar about the same business that he did, and smelling the 'honey' (stirred with his striving), clambered up to the top of the tree and then began to bark. The bear, hearing this, suddenly frightened (what with the handling and noise), made up again with all speed possible; the man held and the bear pulled, until with main force he had drawn down out of the tree. And then, being let go, he took his heels, much as he'd hurt, leaving the swain in a joyful lull."

WHEN AND WHOM TO MARRY.

Rules that Have been Tried and Seldom Found Wanting.

- [From the Boston Globe.]
- Whom to marry and when to marry are grave questions that confront many people who have not yet come to feel that marriage is a lottery.
- Hence arise questions like the following:
1. How can I tell when I love?
 2. Can I afford to marry, if poor?
 3. What sort of a person will I be happy with?
 4. Will I always be loved?
 5. Will I always love?
 6. Will I ever see somebody whom I will love more?
 7. Shall I marry young or shall I wait until I am mature?
 8. Shall a man marry a widow?
 9. Shall a girl marry a widower?
 10. Is it always well to marry if one loves?
 11. Is there love at first sight?
 12. What is love at first sight?
- And many others.
- Ye who are married can best answer many of these questions. Only one who has made experiments in marriage in all its phases could singly answer all of them, and not unlikely the result of such experiment would prove anything but edifying.
- I am, therefore, prepared only to give the result of my own venture in the matrimonial boat as a partial guide, completing the latter by giving the results of other men's and many women's ventures, or marriages.
- Probably the first approach of that tender feeling known as love is felt when at school a red cheek seems to the average boy lovely as a peach, and he respects the possessor for her gift. Maybe a big blue eye strikes him as prettier than any he has seen in the picture book mother bought him for a Christmas present, and he wishes that he might have this living picture book near by to look at when he chooses.
- Now, she with the red cheek or she with the big blue eye may see across the aisle in the little school-room a brightly little fellow whose clothes fit as nicely as the boy's, and who is as bright as the sun takes delight in fondling at home.
- For a doll is the first object outside the immediate household for which your little daughter shows any liking. The doll is her bean ideal. To win her favor one must conform to the model.
- Its shape, the color of its hair and eyes, its clothing, speak to her language mystic and full of meaning. To her it is the symbol of mother's care, first love, wisely devoted, and perhaps the incentive of her own development. In other years may turn some poor fellow's head.
- The influence of the doll is never lost; it survives through life. Behind it all is the desire of possessing something to respond to the feelings, and rather than have anything we too frequently take what does not satisfy our desires.
- And as our impressions of what we need are true or false, so will possessions bring joy or sorrow, and when the question comes to us, whom and when shall we marry? We should inquire into our need and ascertain just what sort of a partner will supply our needs.
- The question should never resolve itself into whether blonde should marry blonde, whether brunette should marry brunette, or whether parted should be of different complexion. An investigation on the complexion hypothesis might prove entertaining, but would, I fear, bring us back to where we started. But to my answers:
1. You are never wise when you absolutely need the object of your affection.
 2. A poor person can afford to marry if marriage will increase the possibilities of escape from poverty.
 3. You will be happy with the one whose tastes, education and moral views are similar to your own.
 4. You will always be loved if you observe the above rules and do not lose sight of the fact that

FOUND WANTING.

5. You always will love if you realize that obedience to duty is the only medicine for conscience, and that perfect happiness in this world at least is but the shadow of a dream.
 6. You will see somebody whom you will love more when your sense of duty becomes blunted, which will only happen in case you have not observed the first rule laid down.
 7. Marry young if your nature has developed fully; if not, wait until your nature has developed, never marry at all.
 8. Marry a widow according to rules laid down previously.
 9. Same as No. 8.
 10. Always marry if you truly love, but do not confound fancy for infatuation with the noble passion.
 - 11 and 12. There is a love at first sight, but it is simply a quick and mutual apprehension of similarity in tastes, education and moral views.
- SCROFULA, boils, pimples, hives and other humors are liable to manifest themselves at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all humors from the blood and vitalizes and enriches it.
- Prince Bismarck is writing the memoirs of his official life.
- HALL'S Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF
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